

LEO BURNETT COMPANY, Inc.

Ad No. 326—Req. No. 16430—2 3 page—B&W—4½ x 10 in.  
The Scholastic, November 6, 1964 (B)  
Column Number 7



POVERTY CAN BE FUN

It is no disgrace to be poor. It is an error, but it is no disgrace.

So if your purse is empty, do not skulk and brood and hide your head in shame. Stand tall. Admit your poverty. Admit it freely and frankly and all kinds of good things will happen to you. Take, for instance, the case of Blossom Sigafos.

Blossom, an impecunious freshman at an Eastern girls' college, was smart as a whip and round as a dumpling, and scarcely a day went by when she didn't get invited to a party weekend at one of the nearby men's schools. But Blossom never accepted. She did not have the rail fare; she did not have the clothes. Weekend after weekend, while her classmates went frolicking, Blossom sat alone, saved from utter despair only by her pack of Marlboros, for even an exchequer as slim as Blossom's can afford the joys of Marlboro—joys far beyond their paltry price: rich, mellow tobaccos, lovingly cured and carefully packed, and an exclusive selectrate filter. Croesus himself could not buy a better cigarette!

However, Marlboro's most passionate admirers—among whose number I am paid to count myself—would not claim that Marlboro can entirely replace love and romance, and Blossom grew steadily morose.

Then one day came a phone call from an intelligent sophomore named Tom O'Shanter at a nearby men's college. "Blossom," said Tom, "I want you to come down next week for the barley festival, and I won't take no for an answer."

"No," said Blossom.

"Foolish girl," said Tom gently. "I know why you refuse me. It is because you are poor, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Blossom.

"I will send you a railroad ticket," said Tom. "Also a hard-boiled egg in case you get hungry on the train."

"But I have nothing to wear," said Blossom.

Tom replied, "I will send you one suit of cashmere, two gowns of lace, three slacks of velvet, four shoes of calf, five socks of nylon, and a partridge in a pear tree."

"That is most kind," said Blossom, "but I fear I cannot dance and enjoy myself while back home my poor lame brother Tiny Tim lies ailed."

"Send him to Mayo Brothers and put it on my tab," said Tom.

"You are terribly decent," said Blossom, "but I cannot come to your party because all the other girls at the party will be from rich, distinguished families, and my father is but a humble woodcutter."

"I will buy him Yosemite," said Tom.

"You have a great heart," said Blossom. "Hold the phone while I ask our wise and kindly old Dean of Women whether it is proper for me to accept all these gifts."

She went forthwith and asked the Dean of Women, and the Dean of Women



Accept these Gifts from Tom.

laid her wise and kindly old hand on Blossom's cheek and said, "Child, let not false pride rob you of happiness. Accept these gifts from Tom."

"Oh, bless you, Wise and Kindly," breathed Blossom, dropping grateful tears into the Dean's reticule. "I must run and tell Tom."

"Yes, run, child," said the Dean, a smile wrinkling her wise and kindly old eyes. "And ask him has he got an older brother."

© 1963 Max Shubman

The makers of filter-tip Marlboro, who bring you this column, are also the makers of non-filter king-size Philip Morris Commanders, who also bring you this column. Have a Commander. Welcome aboard!



\*2061033572\*